CREAT BEND - - - - KANSAS

THE OLD STONE HOUSE. The old stone house is standing still, Just as it did, dear May, When great-grandmother moved about In peaceful happy way.

But from the windows deep and wide, No smile to us is given; The face that met us at the door Is smiling now in Heaven.

Grandmother, too, who won our hearts With thick, well-buttered bread, Spread deep with sugar on the top, Before we went to bed.

And who such stories used to tell, As pleased our childish ears, Alas!—sleeps now among the dead, Far from this vale of tears.

On which we wrote our names: Your's close to Will's, mine next to Frank's, Our happy childish flames.

The dear old stoop is growing weak
Where once we took our tea
On pleasant summe: afternoons,
From care and trouble free.

Dear mother played there when a child, And so did you and I; You- generations, as the years Crept slowly, surely by.

Weddings, births and funerals
The dear old house has seen;
Smiles and tears, hopes and fears
And frolics wild, I ween.

But now it stands all empty there Its music fied, dear May, And my eyes a e red with weeping For the loved ones passed away.

—Ione L. Jones, in Good House

LONE HOLLOW

Or, The Peril of the Penroys.

A Thrilling and Romantic Story of Love and Adventure.

BY JAMES M. MERRILL, AUTHOR OF "BOGUE BILL" "FISHER JOE" AND OTHER STORIES.

[Copyright, 1989, by the A. N. Kellogg November Company.]

CHAPTER XIL-CONTINUED. His brain was in a whirl, and he was not at ease by any means. Hank Cabera had seen his hand and might prove dangerous

in the time to come.

"I fear that I forgot prudence when I le so much be known to that low scoundrel," mused the Captain; "but then what can it matter? I do not believe that the body of the dead girl will ever be found. She was only a poor orphan any how, and the hub-bub will soon die out. Once I step into old Vandible's shoes I can defy the world. Money is the lover that moves all mankind, and with that I am utterly safe. I have gone too far now to recede. My hand is laid at the root of the tree and I will proceed to

the consummation. I have the subtle poison and that must do its work at once.
"It's lucky Wentword did not get that letter. Pil answer it myself, or send some-thing to widen the breach between Grace and the mechanic."

Is did seem that every thing worked to the success of the scheming villain's plans. When Captain Starbright reached Lone Hollow at a late hour in the evening he was met with the announcement from Grace that her grandfather was ill and in bed. "I hope he is not seriously sick," said the

Troubles do not come singly," returned Grace. "I think it is worry more than

aught else, over the disappearance of Lura, that has prostrated grandpa."

"Old people are apt to borrow trouble. I will go up and see the old man if you will

"Certainly. You may be able to che him up a bit. Any news from Lura?"

"Not a word. I am looking for the wors now," declared Grace in a tremulous voice

Be firm, my dear Grace," he urged in a tender, hopeful voice. "I am not yet willing to give up hope."

Grace turned away, ready to cry, and the Captain hurried at once to the spacious bed-room on the first floor allotted to old Morgan Vandible. It was the largest room of the kind in the house. The furniture was massive, and of ancient pattern, the huge, high-posted bedstead reminding one of Noah

The curtains about the bed were pushed back, and a gray, sunken face lay among the pillows. The old man was breathing heavily and grouning.

"Do be quiet, father, you aren't half as bad off as you pretend."

It was Mrs. Penroy who uttered the words. She sat some distance from the bed, rocking gently, and agitating the air

about her thin face with a huge feather fan, seemingly utterly indifferent to the suf-ferings of the sick old man. "I'm going to die, I tell you," groaned Mr. Vandible. "I guess I know how I feel. You haven't any heart, Martha, and never

had. If Grace was like you I wouldn't leave her a cent. She's a Penroy, every inch of her, Heaven bless the girl! My children were all bad, the last one of 'em-"Just like their father, anyhow," inter-rupted the widow, spitefully. A groan alone answered the heartless

rords of a heartless daughter. It was true, as the old man had asserted Grace Penroy was like her father, gentle. kind and true, and it was these qualities that had endeared the golden-haired girl to the old millionaire. It was undoubtedly true, also, that had his grandchild been like her mother she would never have been

Captain Starbright advanced and stee by the bed. The moment the old man saw him his countenance brightened.

"I am glad you have come, Captain. I am going to die, and I need your advice."
"I hope it is not so bad as that," said the Captain, as he drew a chair beside the couch and sat down.
"It is just that bad," declared Mr. Vandi-

de. "Send her out, will you!" Of course, this last referred to Mrs. Pop

roy. With a toss of her head the wor

to go.
"Don't let him make a fool of you, Captain Starbright, as he has done of every body else about this house."

With this parting shot the

gone.
"Yes, I'm going to die this time, sure!"
declared Mr. Vandible, the moment Mrs.
Penroy was gone, "and I want your advice."
"About what!"
"About making a will."
"Indeed!"

The Captain was interested at once.

"I want to ask you whom I had best emby about drawing it up. I want it good

and solid, to hold water, for I don't want any body ploking flaws with it after I am

"No, of course not. Haven't you a good

"No. I never patronized them. I managed to get on well enough, and lay up money, without consulting a crafty lawyer at every turn. My metto always was, the less you have to do with such chaps the bet-

"Yes," with a low laugh. "In the present case, however, I suppose a lawyer must

"Whom would you recommend?"
"You trust to my judgment on this subject?" queried the Captain, elated in spite of himself at the turn affairs were taking.

"Insplicitly."
"Then I would name Seckmore Gripes, of tonefield. I have always found him relia-

"Very well—send for him."
"In the morning?" "Now."
Captain Starbright came to his feet, then seemed to hesitate.

"Is it necessary for such great haste?"
"Do as I bid," ordered the eld man. "If I die without making my will the ungrate-ful Martha will get my property, and I don't mean that she shall have a penny."

"I will send for the lawyer at once, and

for a physician?" "No, no. Send Grace here. I will see none of the leeches, confound'em," growled the old man, in such a fierce way as to prove conclusively to the Captain that Vandible was not in such desperate straits

Vandible was not in such desperate straits as he imagined.

He left the room, found Grace and sent her in to her grandfather, and then went forth to the stables.

"I'll go myself," he muttered. "I don't believe the old man will die to-night, but it's well enough to have every thing prepared. I can see that every thing will go to Grace. If I can make it contingent on her marrying me, a master-stroke will be in. I know I can trust Seekmore Gripes. He'd sell his soul for pelf." Soon after the Captain was on the road to Stonefield.

CHAPTER XIII ONE MINUTE TOO LATE.

It was two hours after midnight when

It was two hours after midnight when Captain Starbright and a companion were ushered into the sick room at Lone Hollow.

"How is he! 'questioned the Captain of the girl, who sat beside he couch.

"He has been very restless," answered Grace, in a voice that evinced deep anxiety.

"I have brought something that may do him good," and the Captain produced a small bottle from an inner pocket, and poured a part of the contents into a glass that stood on a stand at the bedside.

The old man refused to touch it, however. He glared at the Captain's companion and growled:

growled:
"A doctor—a miserable leech! Did I not

"A doctor—a miserable leech! Did I not tell you it was a lawyer I wanted!"

"And I have brought one. Allow me to introduce my friend Gripes, Mr. Vandible."

The sick man glared at the bald little man who bobbed his head in recognition of the introduction. Mr. Gripes was thin to attenuation, with projecting gray brows, deep set ferret eyes, and wrinkled neck and cheeks, the very personification of a sharp attorney.

sharp attorney.

He polished his hat with his elbow and stood ready to make himself useful. The Captain glanced at Grace, then at the old man on the bed. He nodded to the girl, who understood, and walked from the room with the assurance that she would be called

if her presence was needed.

Clearing his throat Lawyer Gripes assumed a seat at the bedside, depositing his hat under the medicine-stand, and then said in a low, insinuating voice:
"I understand that you wish some legal

papers drawn, Mr. Vandible?"

"I want a will made," returned the old man, bluntly, and far from weakly.

"Exactly, exactly," rubbing his hands together rapidly. "I suppose you have decided upon the terms of this will?"

"I have. I leave every thing I have in the world to my granddaughter, Grace "Then it will be a comparatively sh process to make out the document. The old lawyer moved aside, drew papers from his pocket, together with pen and ink, and was soon writing rapidly.

At length a touch on the shoulder caused him to cease writing and look up. Captain Starbright stood at his elbow. The two exd glances, the lawyer nodded, and then the Captain stepped aside.

"Now, as to he terms of this will ?" ned Seekmore Gripes. "Is it necessary to enumerate the prop

Not unless you wish to bequeath part-"It all goes to my granddaughter, to the last farthing. I told you that before," retorted the old man, in a vexed tone.
"Very good. Ahem—it seems to me that

in a certain contingency some other pro-vision ought to be made," suggested the lawyer, still holding his pen suspended, glancing under his spectacles at the old nan on the bed.

"Some other contingency? Confound it. ir, if you can't write out the document to you may go. I'll employ a man next time of some sense Twill "Very good," answered Gripes, not the

least disconcerted by the rude language of the invalid. "It shall be as you say, only, should any thing happen—"
"Happen! Confound it, sir, what do you expect to happen!"
"Nothing out of nature, yet you must re-

member that it is sometimes the unexpected member that it is sometimes the unexpected that does happen. It is customary in willing property to provide for such a contingency. For instance, should this young lady, your respected granddaughter, die before this will is probated the property would then ever to the legal heirs if any existed, which might be contrary to the wishes of the testator."

Then Mr. Seekmone Gripes dropped his pen to the paper once more for the purpose of continuing his writing.

"Stop! you're right," cried Vandible, in

"Stop! you're right," cried Vandible, in a husky voice, his face growing suddenly pale. "The ungrateful Martha shall never inherit one cent, never a cent, I say. Put in another name in case of the contingency you mentioned; put one in, Mr. Gripes." "Well?"

"Have you got it in?"

"Have you got it in?"
"I am waiting to hear the name."
"Eh? Well, that's a fact."
Morgan Vandible contracted his brows as if in deep thought. Just then Captain Starbright stepped into his vision. This move at once gave the old man an idea.

"Yes, yes, that's it," he whispered, seeming to grow weak suddenly. "Put in his name, the Captain's, he's a good friend to me, a good friend."
"Thank you, sir," said the Captain, with his hand on his heart, "you do me exceeding honor."

The pen of Seekmore Gripes was once more at work. In a little time the impor-tant paper that was to convey more than million dollars was completed. It was a business-like document—the lawyer had drawn up scores of them—and bequeathed all the Vandable property, real and personal, to the testator's beloved granddaughter, Grace Penroy. In case the girl should die before coming of age, yet two years away, then the property was to go to his well-

esteemed friend, Clinton Starbreght, of Stonefield. The reading accomed to suit Vandible. There was one clause in the will that the lawyer had neglected to read, a most important clause. It was that Grace Penroy was to forfeit the property if she did not marry Captain Starbright.

A look from the Captain gave Mr. Seekmore Gripes his cue. The two had talked matters over hefore.

more Gripes his cue. The two had talked matters over before the present, and the scheming Captain had his plot well laid. He believed Morgan Vandible was too nearly blind to note the truth, even should he giance over the written page, and so he lelt comparatively safe. Two executors were named, the Captain and Lawyer Gripes.

After every thing was in readiness for th old millionaire's signature the will was laid on a book, Vandible propped up with pillows and the document placed before him to

sign.

"Place your name right there, air," directed Mr. Gripes, glibly, touching the desired spot with his bony forefinger.

The old man's hand trembled so that it was with difficulty that he held the pen.

"I—I'm not just sure. The witnesses—"

"Yes, yes, I will call them the moment you sign. The Captain will do for one. Sign quickly, it's all right," declared Lawyer Gripes, in his smooth, glib way.

"I suppose so. I feel bad, very bad," declared the old man, hushily. "Give me something quick!"

Lawyer 3ripes reached back and snatched

Lawyer Bripes reached back and snatched the glass anto which the Captain had poured a liquid some time before, and at once con-veyed it to the lips of the old man. He swallowed the contents at a gulp, then re-sumed his pen. He seemed strong, and his

hand ceased to shake. "It all goes to Grace, all," he muttered, the ghastly look deepening on his shrunken, old face.

"Yes, yes, but sign," urged Mr. Gripes. The old millionaire carried his pen to the paper, but his hand did not move to form the signature. Instead he jerked it away suddenly, as though a new thought had intered his brain. " No; I will not sign. You must make a

new will."
This announcement came like a thunder-bolt to the strained senses of Captain Starbright. "You are beside yourself, Mr. Vandble,"

said the Captain, stepping quickly to the bedside. "Would you deprive Grace of all bedside. "Would you deprive Grace of all happiness by..."

"No, no; you don't understand," interrupted the aged man. "Way back in California is a man that I love. He may be living. Reports are not reliable. I loved that boy, though he almost broke my heart."

"But he is dead."

"You do not know it, Captain."

"I am willing to swear that such is the fact. I saw him dia."
"I know; but you may have been mis-taken in the man. Karl must not be forgotten. Half my fortune is his."
"But this is nonsense," declared the Cap ain, m a vexed tone.

"Put his name in there in place of yours "Put his name in therein place of yours and I'll sign, not otherwise," declared the sick man, seeming to take on new perverseness with growing weakness of body.

"Pil fix it; it's but the work of a moment," said Mr. Gripes. Giving the Captain a knowing glance, the lawyer removed the paper and pretended to make some alterations. Then he returned to the bed and placed the will once more before the testator.

As Morgan Vandible raised his hand to place his name at the bottom of the docu-

place his name at the bottom of the docu-ment a swift change came to his shrunken face. The ashen hue of dissolution swept

over it.
"I-I am blind, I-I-" A gasp, and the aged head, crowned with its silver locks, fell forward; the pen fell from nerveless fingers, imprinting a black stain where the name should have been, and then all was still.

"My God, the man is dead!" "No, no; that can not be!" cried Captain Starbright. "He hasn't signed the will!" At this moment the door opened and Grace Penroy entered the room.

CHAPTER XIV. THE WILL SIGNED AND LOST. Grace stood near the threshold with w ace and questioning eyes.
"I thought I heard grandpa call—"

"It is nothing. Go out at once," ord Captain Starbright.

At this moment the girl caught sight of the dead face among the pillows, and with a shrill cry of alarm she darted forward and bent over the old millionaire. "Grandpa! grandpa! speak to me," cried Grace Penroy, shrilly, seizing one of his

The chill of death was in the old palms and on the instant the girl realized the truth, that the kind old man, kind to her at least, would never speak again. He was dead, had died without looking again upon her face. The thought was a most painful then, for indignation held sway in her heart. Turning upon Captain Starbright,

"You promised to send for me as not. Cruel man!"

Then, without waiting for a word from him, she walked with bowed head and sorrowful mien from the room.

Seekmore Gripes glided to the door with a cat-like tread and turned the key in the

"You should have taken that precaution before," he said, piercing the Captain with

his little gray eyes.
"It was an oversight on my part," admitted Captain Starbright. "Which may prove your downfall." "Don't croak, Gripes, whatever you do."

The situation warrants it." "I hope you are not ready to throw up the sponge.
"What can we do?" The heartless lawyer penetrated his com-

panion with a glance.

"This calamity is so sudden I am not prepared to state," answered the Captain. pacing the room with uneasy strides.
"No will has been made," remarked the

lawyer. "Death thwarted you there."
"And the property goes to the next of "Certainly. Starbright thought of Mrs. Penroy and rouned. He knew that she bated him, and

groaned. He knew that she bated him, and would be only too glad to order him kicked from the house should she come into possession. Should he permit this pale, worn-out woman to win the millions for which he had been scheming so long? No, he could not think of it. He believed now that a mistake had been made in giving that potion to the old man. Although it contained but one drop of the "cough drops" obtained from Mother Cabera, that drops had, the Captain believed, proved fatal.

"One minute more of life and the will would have been signed," uttered the Cap-tain at length, with a groan.

"That is true."
Captain Starbright bent over the doc ment as it lay spread out on the table. With a name signed at the foot it would be a legal document, as it was it was only so much siank paper. The Captain was not the man to permit a fortune to slip through his ingers when there was a way to prevent it.
"A few strokes of a pen would fix that,"
he said in a low tone, glancing at Mr.

"It was evidently the old man's intention sign the will," pursued Captain Star-

"It was his first intention," returned Mr. ripes, significantly.
"There is a million at stake, Mr. Gripes."
The lawyer nodded.

"Just turn your back one moment." Beckmore Gripes did so. He beard the scratch, scratch of a pen,

He heard the scratch, scratch of a pen, then the Captain's voice:

"See here, Mr. Gripes."

The lawyer turned about and came forward, peering over the Captain's shoulder at the paper now lying on the table. One glance sufficed to show that the will bore in proper place the name of Morgan Vandible.

"How is that?"

"It looks fair," admitted the lawyer.

"It is fair. I have only carried out the old man's wishes."

"His first intentions, certainly,"

"Well, first intentions are the best ones," asserted Captain Starbright. "I want you to take possession of the will, Mr. Gripes, and bring it forward at the proper time."

"There are no witnesses as yet."

"True; that important part must not be forgotten. Will it do for me to sign as one!"

"If no contest is made there wight be no

"If no contest is made there might be no objection," returned the lawyer.
"I haven't any fear of that. There is only one living direct heir, and she is willing and anxious for such a disposition of the property as this will decrees."

Then the Captain signed the paper as a witness. Mr. Gripes noticed that he wrote the name "Clinton Brandon."

"My middle name," explained the wily Captain. "Should it be necessary, I could deny that it was me that signed. Isn't that

"Possibly."

Seekmore Gripes was a man of few words, and he was not lavish of them on the present occasion. It might be that he did not wish to fully commit himself to the power of Captain Starbright. He was wily and keen, and was seldom caught napping. "If another witness is necessary you will furnish one, Mr. Gripes?"

"Perhaps."
"Remember, there is a million at stake." A gaunt smile twitched for an instant at the thin, wrinkled lips of the old lawyer. He made no reply, but folded and thrust the

forged will into an inner pocket.

Day was beginning outside, and the weazen-faced old man prepared to de-"We will meet you after the funeral, Mr. Gripes."
"Probably."

"Every thing seems satisfactory. I bid you good-day for now."

After pressing Lawyer Gripes' hand the Captain showed him to the door. The lawyer's horse stood at the gate, waiting his master's return with no little impa-tience, manifested by pawing and an oc-

casional whinny.

It was not until after day-dawn that the death of old Mr. Vandible was made known to all the inmates of Lone Hollow. Mrs. Penroy manifested more feeling than Captain Starbright believed her capable. Grace retired to her room and refused to see any-

Sam was dispatched to Stonefield with orders for the undertaker, who arrived at

orders for the undertaker, who arrived at the house soon after noon with a handsome casket. Preparations were at once made for the funeral, it not being deemed necessary to hold an inquest, since there seemed nothing strange in Mr. Vandible's sudden death, his age being nearly eighty. The funeral was a plain affair, the remains of the old millionaire being laid to rest beside the only other grave on the premises, that of his late wife, who had preceded him to the better land several years. Her body had been removed to its present place only a few years before from the city cemetery, at the wish of the old millionaire, who had strangely declared his wish to sleep in this spot far removed from the turmoil of the world.

Seekmore Gripes sat in his room at his

Seekmore Gripes sat in his room at his country of the barding-house (he was a bachelor) eagerly scanning a legal document, no less a paper than the last will and testament of Morgan Vandible. It was a week subsequent to the funeral of the old millionaire.

The window was open, and a breath of fresh night air fanned the withered cheek of the scute lawyer.

He seemed satisfied with his scrutiny just as a rap announced a visitor. Laying down the paper, Mr. Gripes crossed the carpeted floor and admitted Captain Star-bright.

During this brief moment a hand shot from the outer darkness through the open window, and quickly removed the paper from the narrow table.

"I come, as you have doubless guessed to speak of the will—" "Certainly, Captain. Here it is."
Crossing to the table Mr. Gripes put out
his hand, and then, glancing sharply about, nttered a low cry. "What is it now, Seekmore?" queried the

Captain, quickly.
"The will!" cried the lawyer. "It laid on that table a moment since, and now it is [TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SCRIBBLING FEVER. Disease Which May Be Said to Grow

The managers of Lippincott's Magazine have, it is said, sent out a circular to contributors announcing that they have already on hand manuscripts enough to supply that periodical for more than three years. This statement, if true, says the Boston Journal, will carry sorrow to innumerable hearts, for each year it becomes more literally true that every body writes. The actual number of manuscripts really used by any magazine in a year can not, as any body may see who will reflect a moment, rise above five or six dozens; but the small number contains infinite possibilities for the eyes of the great race of magazine writers.

We are continually told that there should be new channels opened through which literary folk could dispose of their wares; but, in the first place, the supply is pretty nearly infinite, and, in the second place, every fresh effort to provide for the old writers calls into being a host of new ones. The disease of scribbling grows by The disease of scribbling grows by what it feeds upon, until there is danger that we become a nation of scribblers, than which, perhaps, no greater misfortune can befall literature.

Writing is, to be sure, a safety valve by Writing is, to be sure, a safety valve by means of which our super-nervous people vent their excitement and bring themselves down to a working level; and on this ground should, perhaps, be encouraged. But even of this good thing there is danger lest we get too much. There is, of course, no way out of the danger, but to leave time to bring about the inevitable reaction, and to restore people to a more common sense view of the whole matter. Of course the overcesswding of the magazine offices with view of the whole matter. Of course the overceswding of the magazine offices with manuscript is discouraging, but the genuine discouragement will come from a realization of the fact that with all the magazines in the country receiving manuscripts at their usual rate the supply as at present produced would still be far in advance of the demand

FULLY 500 men are annually empired catching terrapens in Chesapoule is estimated that 600,000 are caught year, yielding, on the average 500 a d

JUDICIAL CIRCUITS.

How They Are Divided Am

of the Supreme Court.

The names of the Justices of the Federal Supreme Court are as follows: Chief Justices, Melville W. Fuller, of Chief Justices, Melville W. Fuller, of Ulinois; Associate Justice, Samuel F. Miller, of Iowa; Stephen J. Field, of California; Joseph P. Bradley, of New Jersey; John M. Harlan, of Kentucky; Stanley Matthews, of Ohio; Horace Gray, of Massachusetts; Samuel Blatchford, of New York, and Lucius Q. C. Lamar, of Messissippi. The United States Circuit Courts include nine States Circuit Courts include nine judicial circuits, which are divided and assigned, with place of meeting, as follows: First Judicial Circuit, including districts of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, Mr. Justice Gray, Boston, Mass ; Second Judicial Circuit, including Vermont, Connecticut, and New York, Mr. Justice Blatchford. New York City; Third Judicial Circuit, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Delaware, Mr. Justice Bradley, Newark. N. J.; Fourth Judicial Circuit, including Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia North Carolina, and South Carolina, Mr. Chief Justice Fuller, Washington; Fifth Judicial Circuit. Georgia, Florida. Alabama. Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, Mr. Justice Lamar, Macon, Ga; Sixth Judicial Circuit, Ohio, Michigan. Kentucky, Tennessee, Mr. Justice Matthews, Cincinnati, Ohio, Seventh Judicial Circuit, Indiana, Il inois. Wisconsin, Mr. Justice Harlan, Chicago; Eighth Judicial Circuit, including Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Nebraska, and Colorado, Mr. Justice Miller, Keokuk, Iowa; Ninth Judicial Circuit, California, Oregon, and Nevada, Mr. Justice Field, San Francisco, Cal. Chicago Inter Ocean.

About Doctors' Bills.

Many a struggling family has all it can do to keep the wolf from the door, without being called upon to pay frequent and ex-orbitant bills for medical advice and attend-

True, the doctor is often a n hough expensive visitant of the family ci though expensive visitant of the family cir-cle; nevertheless pure and well tested remedies—like Warner's Sate Cure—kept on hand for use when required will be found a paying investment for every household in the land.

Sickness is one of the legacies of life, and

Sickness is one of the legacies of life, and yet every ill that fiesh is heir to has an antidote in the laboratory of nature. Hon. H.
H. Warner, of B. chester, N. Y., President of the Chamber of Commerce of that city, was a few years ago stricken with kidney disease, which the physicians declared incurable. In this extremity, a friend recommended to him a vegetable preparation now known throughout the civilized world as Warner's Safe Cure. He tried it, and was quickly restored to perfect health. The incident led him to begin the manufacture of the wonderful preparation, and to make its the wonderful preparation, and to make its merits known in all tongues and among all

peoples.

He has now laboratories and warehouses in the United States not only, but in Canada, England, Germany, Austria, Australia and Burmah. His preparations meet the requirements and effect the cure of a variety of diseases, and are all compounded from medicinal plants of the highest virtue.

Mr. Warner is a man of affairs, of wealth, sulture and the highest standing in his own

enture and the highest standing in his own sity and throughout the State. His charac-ter is the best guarantee of the purity and excellence of his renowed Remedies, which may be found in every first-class drug store of Europe and America.

A Warning to Girls.

"I read," said a bright young mar ried woman, "that there is now a way of removing hairs from a woman's lip by the use of electricity. That is not new, and I want to sound a note of warning to any woman who may be tempted to use it. I have a very dear friend who was a classmate of mine in college. She was a real pretty girl, but she was greatly annoyed at the fact that a few hairs were growing on her chin and upper lip. They really did not look bad, more like the down on a beautiful peach than any thing else, but they were eyesores to her. She tried every thing to get rid of them, and finally was persuaded to try electricity. An experienced physician performed the operation, and left her

face as smooth as a billiard ball: "Six weeks later the hairs returned reatly increased in size and several shades darker. This time they really did look bad, and the poor girl was almost wild. She has never been able to do any thing with them since, and, unless she clips them every day-a very tiresome operation, her face looks as though she was really growing a beard. The best way for a woman is to leave her face alone. She only spoils it by tampering."-Hairdresser. Cure All Bilious Diseases

The Delicious Mangosteen. Travelers in Java have filled pages

and columns with rhapsodies over the mangosteen, and all unite in extolling it as the supreme delight of the tropics. The mangesteen appears to one as a hard, round fruit the size of a peach. Its hard outer shell or rind is of the same color and thickness as a green walnut, but in this brown husk lie six or eight segments of creamy white pulp. The little segments are easily separated, and, transferred to the mouth, melt away, the pulp being as soft and fine as a custard. The mangosteen's delicate pulp tastes, as all its eulogists say, like strawberries, peaches, bananas, and oranges all at once; a slight tartness is vailed in these delicious flavors, and it is never cloyingly sweet. Taken just as it comes from the ice-box the mangosteen is an epicure's dream realized, and the more's the pity that it only grows in far-away places and deadly climates, and does not bear transportation. The hard rind looks unchanged for weeks, but the delicate pulp melts away, and the driest and coldest refrigerator chambers can not keep the heart of the mangosteen from quickly spoiling .-San Francisco Paragraph.

Now is the Time

To purify your blood and fortify your sys against the debilitating effects of spring weather.
At no other season is the bitter tests in the mouth more prominent, the breath so offensive, the drowing discloses no frequent, or that extreme tired feeling so prevalent. Hood's Sarasparille is jost the medicine to build up the system, purify the best of the process of the process of the system of the process of the system of the system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

ion, Mandrako, Dock, Pipelesswa, Juniper Berrie and other well-known and valuable vagetable remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportio and process, giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curativ power not possessed by other medicines.

"I had boils all over my neck and back, troublin me so much that I could not turn my head around nor stoop over. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me is two weeks. I think it is the best blood purifier. DANIEL BEAD, Kansas City, Mo.

The Best Blood Purifier "I take Hood's Barsaparilla every year as a spring tonic, with most satisfactory resulta." C. PARMELES, 39 Bridge street, Brooklyn, N. Y. K.B. If you decide to take Hood's Barsaparilla do, not be induced to buy any other.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. SI; six for S. Prepared only by C. L HOOD & CO., Apotheraries, Lowell Mass. 100 Doses One Dollar



Magee's Emulsion

PURE COD LIVER OIL. Extract of Malt, and

Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Branchitis, Dyspepsi Scrafula and General Debitty

Very easy to take. Bees not pro-Thousands of Physicians are preserting it in

THE BEST EMULSION in the MARKET. Ask your Druggist for it and take no other. J. A. MAGEE & CO., Manufacturers, Lawrence, Mass.; Toronto, Canada.

CHOICE TEXAS LANDS Rare Chance for Settlers. The Raifrond System of Texas having developed as to bring within easy access of good interior and seaboard markets the lands granted to the

HOUSTON & TEXAS CENT'L RY.CO. Renowned Agricult'l Lands

ded along the line of the Fort Worth & Denver 200,000 ACRES

In farms of 180 acres and upward. These lands were located by the Company among the earliest, with superial care as to soil, timber and water. They are adapted to the growth of cutton, corn, can, wheat, barley, rye, vegetables, orchards and gardens and the various domestic grasses.

Situated in the elevated and healthy region known as the Southern Panhandle of Texas, they posses a general elemente, favorable to man and beast, where outdoor work can be carried on the year round, and are in marked contrast with regions of early and late frosts or of destructive "blinands".

Population is fast pouring in, and local government in aircady established, with schools, churches, &c.

TREES OF RAIS: One-fifth cash, balance in four equal yearly gay ments, with interest on deferred payments.

For further latermation as to these and lands in

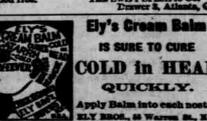
J. S. NAPIER, Vernon, Texas, (who is prepared to show to purchasers); or to C. C. QIBBS, Land Ag't, Houston, Tex.



W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass. A Proclamation! Br. I. Guy Lewis, Palton, Ark., says.—"A year age I had billous fever; Tutt's Pills were so highly recommended that I used them. Never did medicine have a happier effect. After a prectice of a quarter of a century, I pre-

ANTI-BILIOUS ribe them."

20 DROW IT. know what S. S. S. has in Chica of my b of my heighbors tisement in regard to began taking it. I got deses; the poison was my system, and I was



IS SURE TO CURE COLD in HEAD QUICKLY.